

# Essex County Herald.

WHAT  
you buy is important, but not so  
important as what you get.  
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Established 1873

ISLAND POND, VT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1907.

Vol. 35—No. 25

**Essex District Probate Court.**  
The Court will be held at  
Island Pond, Wednesday of  
next week, the third Wednesday  
of the month of January and July. At  
the first sitting of each  
term, all probate cases will be heard at any place in  
the district, and all will receive  
the same attention.  
H. W. BLAKE, JUDGE.

**W. H. BISHOP,**  
Notary Public with Seal  
Island Pond, Vt.

**AMEY & HUNT,**  
Attorneys  
Island Pond, Vt.

**H. W. BLAKE,**  
Attorney  
Island Pond, Vt.

**MAY & HILL,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
Island Pond, Vt.

**J. ROLFE SEARLES,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Island Pond, Vt.

**R. W. SIMONDS,**  
Lawyer  
Island Pond, Vt.

**HOWE & HOVEY,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
Island Pond, Vt.

**A. ELIE,**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Island Pond, Vt.

**H. E. SARGENT**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Island Pond, Vt.

**D. B. MAYO, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Island Pond, Vt.

**E. W. TRENHOLME, D. D. S.,**  
Dentist  
Island Pond, Vt.

**G. E. CLARKE,**  
Undertaker Funeral Supplies  
Island Pond, Vt.

**L. W. STEVENS,**  
Deputy Sheriff  
Island Pond, Vt.

**E. A. BEMIS,**  
Deputy Sheriff  
Island Pond, Vt.

**F. C. LYNCH,**  
Undertaker  
Island Pond, Vt.

**S. MOODY,**  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Island Pond, Vt.

**REPAIRING SPECIALTY.**  
EYE GLASSES AND GLASSES FITTED.  
All Work Warranted.  
Island Pond, Vt.

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All Work Warranted.  
Island Pond, Vt.

**S. P. MAXIM & SON,**  
Doors, Windows, Blinds,  
Island Pond, Vt.

**O. H. HENDERSON,**  
Ticket Agent  
Island Pond, Vt.

**O. H. HENDERSON,**  
Ticket Agent  
Island Pond, Vt.

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## Hestor Wanted A Big Turkey

THE president is going to have a twenty-five pound bird for his dinner, moved Sam Hestor on his uncertain way to his home in Floyd street, Cleveland, on the eve of Thanksgiving last year. "What's the matter with Sam Hestor having a big bird?"

About this time he was passing the zoo. In the large inclosure was the pet ostrich, Charley. Hestor got his eye on Charley, and visions of a Thanksgiving feast of which Floyd street would talk for years came into his mind.

A few minutes later a policeman discovered Hestor chasing the ostrich around the pen. At times he got a

few plumes and sometimes he narrowly escaped a knockout blow as Charley let fly his feet. By the time the policeman reached him Hestor had the whole zoo aroused and screaming.

"Biggest turkey I ever saw," said Hestor when he was arrested. "Still, some of those big birds ain't tender. Won't one at a raffle once and we had to stew him in a wash boiler to get him fit to eat."

The charge of trying to steal the pet of the Cleveland zoo was not pressed, and he was allowed to go home and fall to on a real bird.

CHASING THE OSTRICH AROUND THE PEN.

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## Our National Bird

By NIXON WATERMAN.

HURRAH—hip, hurrah, for the noble old bird.

We've enshrined on the shield of our nation! Our bosoms with lofty emotions are stirred.

When we think of that feathered creation, But along when the winter comes darkening the sky.

And the heavens with snowflakes are murky, Forgetting the eagle and Fourth of July.

We think of Thanksgiving and turkey.

THE TURKEY'S THE BIRD FOR THANKSGIVING.

THE eagle, proud bird, may he soar round and round.

As he mounts up still higher and higher! While the turkey, we trust, will still roost near the ground.

Within reach when occasions require. For we're sure there is none who will care to deny.

In the name of good cheer and good living, That the eagle's all right for the Fourth of July.

But the turkey's the bird for Thanksgiving. —Sunday Magazine.

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## The Scrap Book

Not in Her Class.

After preaching a sermon on the fate of the wicked an English clergyman met an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities, and he said to her: "My good dame, I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

"Yes," she replied, "but as to that, if I 'as anything to say it be this, Let 'em gnash their teeth as has 'em— I ain't."

SCORN.

Who are the men that good men most despise? Not they who, ill begot and spawned in shame,

Riot and rob and rot before men's eyes. Who hardly live and, dying, leave no name.

These are the piteous refuse of mankind. Fatal the ascendant star when they were born.

Distort in body, starved in soul and mind. Ah, not for them the good man's bitter scorn!

He only is the despicable one Who lightly sells his honor as a shield For fawning knaves to hide them from the sun.

Too nice for crime; yet, coward, he doth yield For crime a shelter. Swift to paradise The contrite thief, not Judas with his price! —Richard Watson Gilder.

From Vegetable to Animal Kingdom.

The handwriting of Dr. Buckley, the eminent Methodist divine, is almost illegible. On one occasion when he was to deliver a sermon on "Oats and Wild Oats" he sent an announcement thereof to one of the religious weeklies. Imagine his mingled chagrin and amusement when it appeared in print that he would preach on "Oats and Wild Oats." —Lippincott's.

Found a Better Place.

Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roomed outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you black rascal?" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!" —Mark Twain.

He Wanted the Secret.

A very aggressive crusade in favor of temperance was going on in a Scottish city, and a young philanthropist who had given large sums of money to help the cause, meeting a convert one afternoon, inquired how he was getting along.

"Ah, Robert," said the gentleman sadly, "I'm afraid you've been drinking again. I can smell it in your breath. Why not give it up altogether? You never smell the odor of liquor in my breath."

"No, sir; I never did. What d'ye dae for it?" —Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Dangerous.

"An' how's yer wife, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is it dangerous she is?"

"No; she's too weak t' be dangerous any more."

A Hitch in the Programme.

Senator Knox tells this story: A delegation from Kansas visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The president met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "de-lighted to see you—de-lighted! But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me, and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled president and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—

—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the president. "John! Where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation." —Everybody's.

Provincialism Illustrated.

"You people out in Missouri," said a New York man to Congressman Champ Clark, "are all right, but you are too provincial."

"Provincial?" snorted Clark. "Provincial? Why, let me tell you, sir, the shoe is on the other foot. Nobody in New York knows anything about Missouri, but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York."

Lincoln and the Orange.

"I was eight years old when my father took me with him to Washington," says a man now prominent in national life. "It was during the darkest hours of the rebellion. We were walking on the street when a tall, thin man with very long legs and loose clothes and a frowning, wrinkled face came striding toward us. His eyes were fixed on the pavement. His lips were moving, and I remember thinking how cross he looked. But I was more interested in watching a ragged little archer between us standing barefooted behind him, his lips twisting and his big eyes fixed on a pile of oranges in a vendor's cart. The vendor's back was turned while he made change for a customer. The tall man passed the boy at the same time we did. He stop-

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NOW IS YOUR CHANCE  
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STATIONERY, 25c and 35c boxes, two for 25c; Pads, Envelopes  
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We must clear out stock  
until we remove back to old stand, when we will have  
larger stock than ever.

JAMES PILGRIM, the Jeweler.  
Next door to Flaherty's drug store.

ped suddenly plunged a hand into his pocket, brought a big orange, gave it to the boy and went on.

"The boy was grinning and had already set his teeth in the orange, much to my envy, when my father asked him if he knew who gave it to him. He shook his head.

"That was President Lincoln, lad," my father said. "Hurry and thank him."

"The boy ran, caught the flopping coat, and as the stern face turned sharply he called, 'Thank you, Mr. President Lincoln!'

"Suddenly the face was transformed as I have never seen a face since then. A beautiful smile covered it. A voice which thrills me yet said:

"You're welcome, boy. You wanted to steal it while the fellow wasn't looking, didn't you? But you wouldn't because it wasn't honest. That's the right way. I wish some men I know were like you."

Encouragement.

De Lave—"I'm a mum-mum-man who mum-mum-never says dud-dud-die, dud-dud-don't you know?"

Mrs. Goode—"Well, never mind. You certainly try hard enough to do so—Life."

Inside Information.

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party, with merely a handshake with the wife of the secretary of war. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding, with a very impressive manner, "I've heard of your husband." —Lippincott's.

A Palpable Hit.

"Daudet," said the late Richard Mansfield, "in his charming book called 'Artists' Wives,' shows us how the actor, the painter and the poet are tormented by their better halves. But has it never occurred to you that there is

another side to the question? Don't the actor, the painter and the poet sometimes do a deal of tormenting themselves?

"I have a friend, a playwright. His wife is good and beautiful. Last New Year's eve he said to her at dinner: 'Darling, I cannot begin the new year better than by confessing my turpitude to you. Know, then, that ours was a bigamous and illegal marriage. My real wife, with her three children, is living in Denver.'

"The lady ran distractedly from the room. 'Calm yourself,' the playwright shouted as he put down his knife and fork and hurried after her. 'That isn't really true. It is only a speech that the villain makes to the heroine in my new play, and I wanted to get some idea as to how the heroine would take it.'"

Everything Belonged to the Boss.

An old bachelor who lives in the suburbs of a southern city hires a colored man to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services. "Boss, our blackin' am done out," said the dinky to his employer one day.

"What do you mean by saying 'our blackin'?' Everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

On the following Sunday the bachelor met the colored man, accompanied by a chocolate colored female pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day.

"No, boss; dat's not our chile. Dat's your chile. I's nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah." —Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ethical Distinction.

Representative Robinson of Indiana was declaiming on the beauties of nature. "I love to see the early morning sunshine kiss the dome of the capitol, paint it golden and make it look glad."

"I'll bet you \$10 you never saw it," said Representative Ruppert of New York.

High Point's Experience.

The city of High Point, N. C., has installed an electric light plant at a cost of \$20,000. Ten years later the generating plant was sold. A former member of the board of aldermen writes that this was done because a private company offered to sell current at less than the operating cost of the city's plant. He further states that if the city had sold its distributing system it would be far better off financially than it is.

Hard to Be Just to a Rival.

John B. McDonald, builder of New York's subway, was seeking to escape a direct opinion about another contractor.

"It is rather too much to ask of human nature to be just to a rival," he said. "I once had in my employ a laborer, and a good worker he was, whose activities were cut short by a premature blast. I overheard two of his friends discussing the victim."

"It's an awful thing, Paddy, the way poor Dinny was tuk," observed Casey.

"It is, it is," replied Paddy feelingly. "A fine mon was Dinny."

"He was thot."

"And a fine shoveler."

"He was a good shoveler," admitted Paddy.

"As good a shoveler as yonse find in a year's lookin'."

"He was a good shoveler—a good shoveler, he was, but he was not what you would call a fancy shoveler."

An Evasive Answer.

A lady, sending a green servant to answer the doorbell, said, "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer."

"Who was it?" asked the mistress when the servant returned.

"A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."